

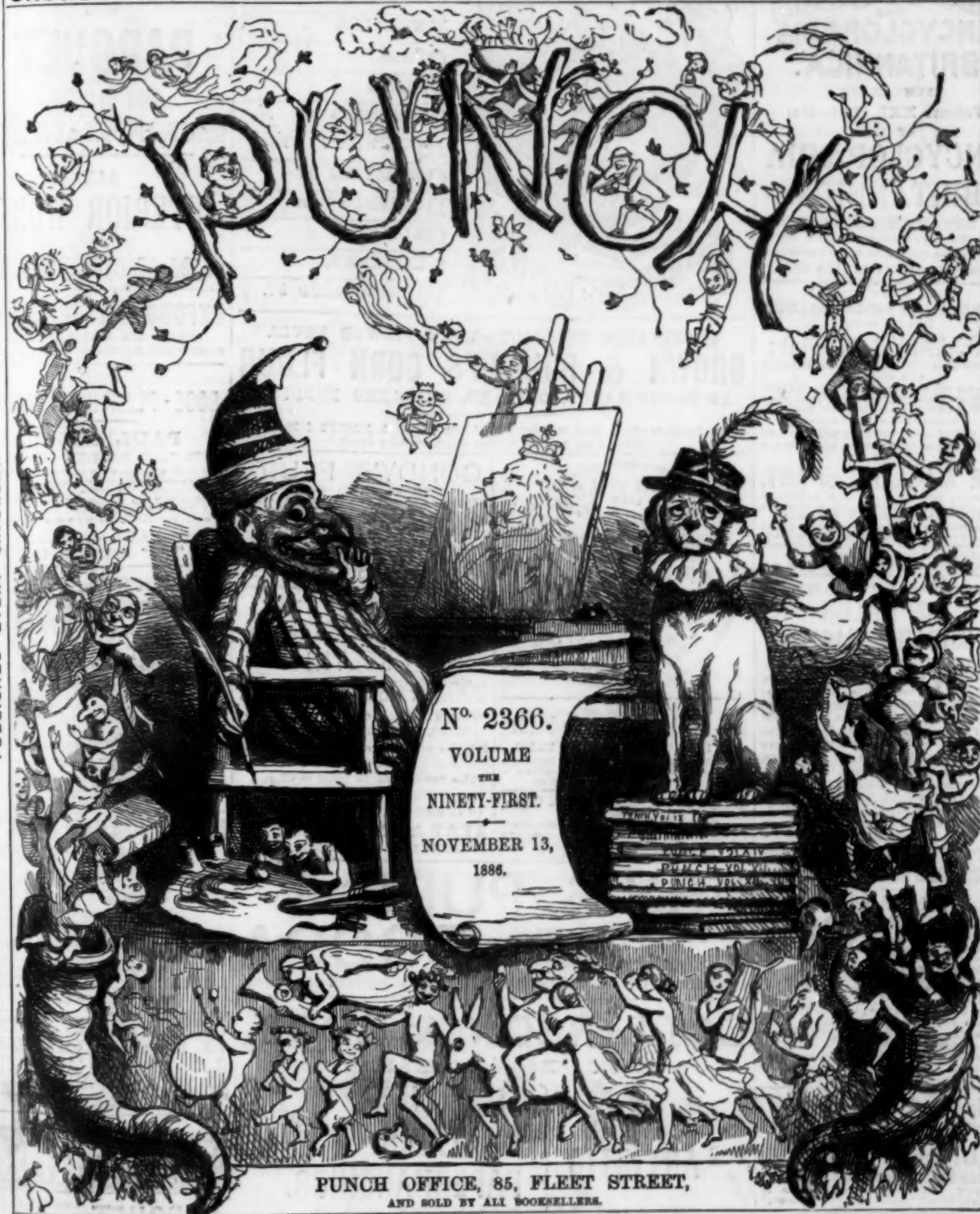
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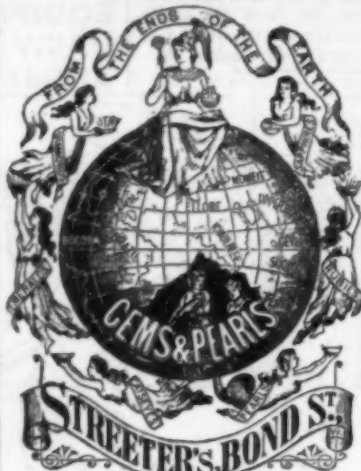
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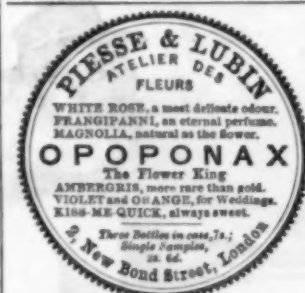
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# HEALTH AT HAMMERSMITH.

In a communication to the *Times*, "H. G. C." has a pretty story to tell of what he mildly describes as "the discreditable manner in which parochial duties are carried on by the Hammersmith Vestry, and how the Committee of the West London Hospital (now closed on account of the drains) conduct their affairs at the expense of the Public." Taking a house belonging to the last-named institution, on a three years' agreement, with an assurance that the drainage was in "perfect order," the unfortunate correspondent soon learned, to his cost, that the drainage, instead of being in perfect order, was very much the reverse, and, after going through the usual process of being bandied about backwards and forwards between medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors, the evil all the while being unremedied, he finally lost a child from diphtheria, with the result of ultimately getting his agreement cancelled.

It is quite obvious, therefore, that nothing can compensate "H. G. C." for the irreparable loss he has sustained, though, we fear, it is not clear how he could, had he the will, bring the Vestry to book. If the Committee of the West London Hospital, which is evidently not at this moment a convalescent one, continue to conduct their affairs "at the expense of the public" in the same enterprising fashion in which they have treated "H. G. C.," they will run the risk of remaining, like their own premises, permanently in bad odour.

"HOW TO FIND THE GOLDEN NUMBER."—Go and hear *The Golden Legend*. First performance of Sir ARTHUR's latest work, next Monday 15th November, at the Albert Hall, which is All-but Hall-right for music. Its second performance will be on the 23rd, at St. James's Hall. Read up the legend. It has nothing whatever to do with London, and the scene of the story is not Golden Square, as erroneously supposed.

"THE HAPPY MEAN."—Those who congratulate themselves on the use of a bag instead of a plate at a charity collection, so that they can put in a halfpenny instead of half-a-crown.

# 'ARRY AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow goes it, old joker? Yours faithfully takes up 'is pen, Jest to tell yer as luck's on the shift, and he's up in the stirrups agen; Got a crib down at Peckham, my pippin, and though it ain't much of a screw, Only something like arf wot I'm wuth, I jest manage to make it a do.

'Ard times, dear old pal, and no error! That blessed old juggins, JOHN BRIGHT, With his bloomin' Free Trade is to blame. He has bunnicked up England all right.

We are out of it, CHARLIE, slap out of it. Fancy sech talent as mine Being out on the empty three months! Ain't it time as we kicked up a shine?

'Owomeyer, dear boy, this ain't bizness. I'm fair on the job, mate, down 'ere, Dropped into a reglar new set, and though Peckham ain't 'ardly my spear, Bein' rayther too cheap and pervincial for one on the up-line like me, Still I'm bound to admit they're true bloaters, with no bad idea of a spree.

Jined the "Old Peckham Puffers," my pippin, a singsongy set, dontoher know, Wot 'ang out at the "Magpie and Stump," where they meets for a "bellows and blow."

As old president POLLYWOG patters it, meanin' a song and a smoke. I was araked, by JACK SNAF, to drop in, and I went, jest by way of a joke.

Found fifty or more on 'em seated round tables, with glasses and pipes, Every species of lotion from Brandy and Soda to fourpenny swipes, And as for the bacsy, O blazes! the smoke 'ung about 'em in elumps, As thick as a fog in November, a cove might 'ave cut it in lumps.

Old POLLYWOG sat at one end, as their Chairman, young BUNKER was "Vice," Each using a hantioneer's 'ammer or bell, but the 'ammer for chice. Rap! rap! Tingle-ting! "Gents, pray silence for Mr. BOKANKY's new song. No ladies are here, so he'll tip us 'I Musn't Sing Anything Wrong.'"

Larf, CHARLIE? I jolly nigh busted. BOKANKY's own version it wos, But for touch-and-go ayness and winking, he beats ARTHUR ROBERTS, that's pos.

Anyone looking on might have fancied the roomfull of pals was a lot Of purple-faced 'ogs in convulsions, he was that cerulean and 'ot!

In course he got hangocored like thunder, and give us "The Baby's First Booze." Just you fancy a tipsy young toddlekins tryin' to button his shoes, With a pap-bottle marked "Gin Unsweetened," a frilled kiddy's cap on his head,

And a nose like a bloomin' tomato. Lor', CHARLIE, I nearly went dead!

Well, they wosn't all Comicos, of course not. A chap with a neck like a bull, And a bottom-note right down a coal-mine, sang "Give me the Flagon that's full."

With a "Gug-guggle, gug-guggle" chorus, and didn't we jest give it tongue, With a toe-and-heel-table-thump shindy, till everythink rattled and rung!

By this time I was fair on the chirp, and you know I've a fine tenner vice, So I offered to pipe 'em a stave, and they didn't want offering twice. I fetched 'em with "Halice, where Hart Thou?" You see portymento's my mark.

And I treacled it hout in such style that I put arf their stars in the dark.

They now call me the local SIMS REEVES, mate, and "Ave you 'eard 'ARRY's top C?"

Is a question the Puffers all put to new-comers, in course meaning me. I'm a P. P. myself, and I tell you these "Smokers" are not arf bad fun, And I'm sure I don't wonder a mite that they 'ave sech a general run.

This combining of larks and of lotion with 'Armony seems a good egg. There's no bloomin' restraint, dontoher see, and the Music's a sort of a peg To 'ang pipes and companionship on. There ain't nothink a chap can enjoy If he has to set two 'ours or more on his manners, and pipeless, and dry.

Monday Pops, Ballad Concerts, and that like are rare tommy-rot to a man Who cannot be 'appy ten minutes away from his pipe and his can, And we're most of us built that way, CHARLIE. Lor' bless yer, I wouldn't much mind.

Even Church-going, once in a way, if yer needn't leave bacsy behind.

And then there's the freedom, the spice,—no Lord Chamberling there dontoher see—

And the fine Tory tone,—ain't hus Puffers jest down upon W. G.?— And if any juggins objects to the shindy, the volumes of smoke, And the warm little bits in the songs, I should say, "O, go 'ome and eat cokes!"

Yus, CHARLIE, I've dropped among dittos at Peckham. I don't like the place, For it isn't quite up to my form; there are too many Rads in the race. But hus Puffers are reglar Randolphians. Ah! you should jest 'ear young

BARRY, Sing "William the Wicked Old Woodman!" It's nuts to yours scrumpiously, 'ARRY.

THEATRICAL NOTE.—Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, having sown his *Wild Oats* as Rover the strolling actor, will on Saturday evening next, "attempt the touch" of the Criterion Theatre as Garriek Actor and Manager.



## A PESSIMIST.

*Exemplary Clerk.* "CAN I HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR? A—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, SIR—"

*Employer.* "OH, CERTAINLY, YES, MR.—DEAR ME, I'M VERY SORRY! 'NEAR RELATIVE?'"

*Clerk.* "AH—YE—N—THAT IS—YOU MISUNDERST—WHAT I MEAN, SIR—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED!"

## "A CRUEL HOAX."

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—The gravity of what has recently occurred here warrants me, I feel sure, in addressing you and laying before you a case fully as strange as, though less romantic than, that of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. I am butler in a nobleman's family, where I have resided for upwards of ten years. The other day a young gentleman came to stay in the house. He was well, though not fashionably dressed. I have called him a gentleman, and I treated him as such, little dreaming how unlike one he would prove to be. Instead of deputing a footman to wait upon him (as I had serious thoughts of doing at first), I myself called him in the morning, and prepared his bath. It was I who congratulated him (in a deferential manner) upon the excellence of his shooting—for, the few days he was with us, he fairly astonished the keepers; it was I who handed him his hat and gloves when, after a week's stay, he took his departure. You will, I am sure, Sir, consider with me that such attentions deserved recognition, and that an acknowledgment which took a pecuniary form might, under the

circumstances, best meet the case. On leaving our house this young gentleman (!) did indeed make me a present. He pressed a coin into my hand, and the etiquette of our profession forbids us, as you are doubtless aware, to scrutinise money so bestowed in the presence of the donor. But, when alone, I glanced at what I had received, and you may form a faint picture of my horror when I found that my hand held nothing more valuable than a single shilling!

Feeling that silence on such a matter would be criminal, I have thought it my duty to trace these lines, and I am yours, &c.  
JAMES PARKING.

*Grandee Castle, Swaggerton.*

P.S. Would you kindly mention the matter to your worthy contributor, "ROBERT?" I should like to have his opinion on the subject.

## THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

"There is a talk," says the *Athenaeum*, "of establishing in London a Club for Ladies on the model of the University Clubs. Membership will be confined to those who have studied at Girton or Newnham, or at Lady Margaret's, or Somerville Hall, or have taken degrees at London University."

## EMANCIPATION of the Sex!

Egad, they're getting on, that's certain; A fogey's soul 'twould surely vex,

This Club for Newnham and for Girton.

The world in wonderment will see

No single male within their fortress;

The butler will a spinster be,

And the hall-porter be a portress.

They'll ape Club life, lay ten to four,

And have a sweep on all the races;

Swift cabs shall stand before the door,

To bear them off to distant places.

From mild cigar or cigarette,

On tiny trays they'll drop the hot ash;

I wonder will they ever get

As far as whiskey and a potash?

They'll play at whist, and find it tame,

Without much fashionable prattle,

Not quite "the rigour of the game."

As relished by great SARAH BATTLE.

O'er billiard-tables they will bow

With grace, and send the swift balls

spinning;

We may not see them; yet avow

A lady's hazards should be "winning."

They'll gather round the fire at night,

And when she brings the lamps or candles,

The maid will listen with delight

To all the latest little scandals.

"Lord A.'s eloped with Mrs. B."

"Miss C.'s a person most improper;"

"And as for gallivanting D.,

Her husband can do naught to stop her."

A Ladies' Club! I wonder how

Our great-grandmothers would have viewed it?

With scorn and corrugated brow

One fancies they would have eschewed it.

But fashions change, and ladies claim

Equality—it's really shocking;

And since their Club must have a name,

*Punch* hereby dubs it "The Blue-Stocking."

HOW TO BEAR IT.—It was formerly believed that bears, during the period of hibernation, kept themselves alive by sucking their paws. This expedient is commended to the attention of Signor SUCCI (no, Sir, not pronounced "Sucky"), and the other performers who are now attracting public attention by their Fastidious proceedings.





CONCLUSION OF "THE COLINDERIES."

Mrs. Britannia. "GOOD-BYE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING TO MY GARDEN PARTY, AND STILL MORE FOR THE AMUSEMENT YOU HAVE AFFORDED MY GUESTS. I REGRET THAT PROFESSOR AUSTRALIA HAS NOT HAD A BETTER OPPORTUNITY OF EXHIBITING HIS INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE. BUT, PERHAPS, ON SOME FUTURE OCCASION I MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE—AH!—AU REVOIR."

[And "The Colinderies" are closed accordingly.]

PARIS CAUGHT TRIPPING.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOU may remember that on Wednesday last, you were kind enough to suggest that as you were unable to accept an invitation to dinner for the following day, I should represent you. "They are very nice people," you observed, "and I think if you have no prior engagement, you will have a very pleasant evening." I immediately

assented, expecting to hear that the hosts you had so kindly transferred to me, lived in South Kensington, or perhaps the Regent's Park. "Well, no," you replied, when I mentioned those favourite localities, "not exactly. The fact is, I am, that is to say, you are, asked to dine in Paris, and you must start from Victoria at twenty minutes to ten sharp to-morrow morning." I must admit for the moment I was flabbergasted, but quickly recovering myself, I accepted my mission. Having for years experienced a strong wish

to give up food-taking, I thought that if I once got to "the gay city," I might visit one or other of the "fasting men," (perhaps both) and take a few hints from them as to the best mode of carrying out my self-sacrificing, but economical intention.

So, at 9.40 appeared on the clock at the Continental Express platform, I seated myself in a most comfortable saloon carriage and pondered. I felt a very heavy responsibility—I had to represent you. Your reputation was so to speak, in my hands, and if I said a foolish thing or repeated an old joke in your capacity, I knew that incalculable damage might be done to your prestige. Fortunately my fellow-travellers were as genial as they were intellectual. One seemed to be known as AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, another was not only an accomplished writer, but also an advocate of the highest rank, (he had defended a great Oriental rebel with consummate tact and cleverness) and a third was a famous journalist. Need I say that in such company I, as representing you, was at my best? I sparkled with your jokes, and some of them, I repeat some of them, my companions declared they had never heard before.\*

We left Dover by the new and admirable steamer, the *Victoria*, in a dense fog. It was an anxious moment. Harbour, castle, cliffs, and sea disappeared. We were lost! Suddenly the cloud lifted, and we found that the vapour was merely the smoke of the 80-ton gun! Our gallant bark (I do not know whether a steamboat comes within the category, but no matter) sped on. Many of those on board were under the powerful protection of one of the greatest combinations of modern times—"The International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company," and, thanks to the exertions of this product of nineteenth-century civilisation, three officers and two privates of the French Douane had been induced to accompany us with a view of examining our luggage *en route*. But, praise be to Neptune, the sea was too much for these representatives of the Customs, and instead of examining the luggage, they lay on their backs on deck, sipping spirits, groaning, and, no doubt, thinking of their respective mothers. As a parting salute, when we had got about four miles across, the 80-ton gun sent a shell after us. It will surprise no one accustomed to the many shortcomings of the Ordnance Department, to learn that the missile missed us!

At Calais we were met by our hosts. And now, with your permission, I will throw off all disguise, and admit that the invitation to dinner which was given to you, and transferred to me, came from that noblest outcome of the brightest intelligence, and the truest philanthropy, "The International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company," to which I have already alluded, who, from the moment of our setting foot upon French soil, took us in hand, and generally did for us. We were ushered into some excellent carriages, of the build of PULLMAN, only more so. We were invited to partake of an admirable breakfast, and for hours my view of *la belle France* was bounded on the North by *consommé aux œufs*, on the West by *filet de bœuf*, on the East by *vins rouge et blanc*, and on the South by *café noir* and *la chasse*. The time flew, and, before we knew where we were, we were in Paris. The ordinary tedious journey, so well known to every traveller, disappeared, and, in its place, we spent some of the gayest moments imaginable. Journalists of all shades of opinion fraternised, and the representatives of the two great English Railway Companies buried all differences, and, so to speak, fell upon one another's necks and wept with joy. It was a most touching sight, and I (as your representative) was most painfully affected.

At Paris (reached at a quarter-past six) we descended, leaving the admirable train, with all its comforts, to proceed to the South of France in peace. Two hours later we presented ourselves at the Café de la Paix, and by haughtily describing ourselves as "Sleeping-Car-men," were obsequiously shown into a magnificent apartment, from whence we proceeded to the banquet. Emphatically, the dinner *was* a dinner! The rest was silence and a new ballet at the Eden Theatre. I was not sorry to represent you, and never appreciated more fully, my dear Mr. Punch, the proud privilege of signing myself

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

\* "Very good, my fine fellow," said Mr. Crummles, shaking his fist at the comic countryman, who had spoilt one of Mrs. Crummles' finest effects, "you leave this company next Saturday night." Mr. Punch trusts that "his friend—CHARLES" will appreciate the moral of the quotation.—Ed.

#### ADVICE GRATIS.—MEDICAL.

By Our Own Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (Chattanooga).

PAUPER, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.—Your system wants raising. Go to Brighton or Folkestone for a week or two. Drink dry Champagne. Also purchase my book on "*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*," price Five Shillings. Report when better.

S. G.—Your ailments proceed from liver. Take, first thing every morning, a solution of compound iodide of potassium and salicylic acid, a table-spoonful at a time. Then have a brisk walk, of not less than fifteen miles, calling at the Undertaker's on the way, as you will probably need his services before night. Don't eat any breakfast!

You ask what your dinner should consist of. If you find that you want any dinner, eat moderately of raw potatoes, calves' foot jelly, horse-radish, ipecacuanha lozenges, and Nabob pickles. For supper take nothing but fruit, the greener and harder the better. If troubled by dreams, don't sleep at all!

INCURABLE.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. You can easily be cured by soap and water. 4. "A dip in the Thames once every two months or so," is not enough to remove impurities from the skin—it would rather tend to increase them.

#### TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

In this age of selfishness and want of sympathy, it is doubly gratifying to find a thorough stranger taking such an amount of affectionate interest in my personal appearance, as would be somewhat unusual even in a maternal parent. I am not, I am quite ready to admit, largely blest with personal beauty, but I have passed through a rather lengthened period of existence without any of my numerous friends ever having called my attention to my special personal defects. In fact, I should have considered such a proceeding as somewhat wanting in good taste, and yet, strange to say, a perfect stranger has ventured to do so, but with the kindest and most philanthropic motives. Having, apparently, been struck with my somewhat remarkable personal appearance, and ascertained who I am, he has kindly sent to me a list of my defects as compared with the type of manly beauty exhibited to us in the Apollo Belvidere, and has also shown me, in the clearest possible manner, how they can all be easily remedied! With what result I need not further explain.

Cheering him up. "Hip" Band and Knee Caps.

He commences with my figure, which, he somewhat unnecessarily informs me, is somewhat below the height of ideal excellence; but, he somewhat strangely adds, fortunately my legs are not perfectly straight, therefore, what easier than to straighten them, and so at the same time increase my stature. How is this to be accomplished? Nothing simpler. Merely use Knee Caps and Hip Bands, and so improve my figure and increase my height.

My attention is next called to the undoubted fact that my fingers do not quite realise BYRON'S idea when he wrote:—"For on more thorough-bred or fairy fingers, Time never set the seal of Gentleman," they being indeed rather thick and stumpy. To remedy this sad defect, all I have to do is to use a trough or cradle, of most ingenious manufacture, for a few successive nights, when I shall be rewarded with fingers of exquisite symmetry and nails rivaling the filbert-nut in shape!

I now come to the most important feature of my face, what my unknown friend delicately names my "nasal promontory." This he assures me is capable of great improvement as to form, and being most decidedly what he delicately calls florid in colour, I am informed, to my great joy, that by merely applying the Nose Machine to the cartilage of what I am afraid I must call my decided snub, it will become not merely symmetrical, but actually a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever! while its florid character will be entirely removed by merely tightening the pores, thickening the flesh, and making the skin more opaque, and all this can be done without inconvenience or discomfort.

I am much pleased that my eyes, in the opinion of my unknown critic, are very fine and do not require any "Eye Colour," and I am beginning to think that what with my Knee Caps, and my Hip Bands, and my Finger Cradles, and my Nose Machine, and its Florid Eradicator, I shall, when full dressed for bed, have quite enough responsibility cast upon me to make a quiet night's rest somewhat problematical. However, the reward I am to gain is so great, its success so certain, and the expense so comparatively trifling, that I feel it a duty I owe to Society to so improve my personal appearance as to make me, when entering the halls of my many friends, at any rate one of the observed of all observers.



A Decided Snub.



A Night with a Cradle.



'Eye Colour.

J. LITTLE.



### SELF-PROTECTION.

SIR,—Possessing a valuable plated tea-pot and sundry other costly articles, calculated to attract the attention of local burglars, the sudden withdrawal by Sir CHARLES WARREN of Police protection from suburban residences, has obliged me to take certain precautions for the defence of my own premises, a brief recapitulation of which may serve to give confidence to such of your readers as, though similarly circumstanced, may yet be at a loss to know how to provide against the contingency of an attack by the professional housebreaker. The precautionary measures I have adopted are simple enough. To begin with, I have had all the windows of my house, a detached villa, standing back from the road in about a quarter of an acre of shrubbery, provided with WILSON AND HEMMING'S Patent Steel-Roller Blinds, and these which are firmly closed shortly before dusk, are all connected by electric wires with an indicating Chinese gong fixed directly under the bed in my sleeping chamber. The slightest vibration from wind or the passing of a cab down the road, causes a resounding alarm, and so effectively does it work that I, who sleep in my boots with a revolver under my pillow and two loaded double-barrelled rifles by my bedside, have since I have tried the arrangement, been aroused as many as twenty times during the same night by the repeated summons; were, therefore, a burglar to present himself, I should be well prepared for him.

But these are not the only preventive measures I have taken. Within my garden in the flower-beds, and in the very path itself, I have every night set spring dynamite traps that explode on the slightest touch, and the milkman whom I had forgotten to warn, and my uncle returning from a theatre and mistaking the directions I had given him, both have involuntarily testified to the excellent working of the apparatus by getting themselves partially blown up by a too hasty and incautious approach to the front door. Nor does this complete the list of all I have done for the due protection of my household, for I have, moreover, purchased a complete policeman's uniform, in which disguised, and armed with a whistle and truncheon, I frequently, between the hours of 1 and 5 A.M., patrol the immediate neighbourhood, and mark out, and zealously adhere to my own selected beats.

As yet, my house has not been attacked; but I would strongly urge those of my neighbours who feel as I do that Sir CHARLES WARREN'S recent fiat has left them at the enterprising burglar's mercy, to lose no time in providing against a probable contingency by adopting the preventive measures practised hitherto with complete success by your correspondent, who provisionally subscribes himself,  
Your obedient servant, ON GUARD.

### SALVAGE SMALL TALK.

The Girl, whose "note" is rudeness, to Neighbour who has begun to think her decidedly original and amusing. Do you know—I've been trying to picture what you were like as a baby?

He (flattered at this mark of interest). Have you? I'm afraid I can't help you there.

She. Oh, I've settled it now—you were a lovely baby!

He (with a mental note that these odd Girls can be rather agreeable, when they choose). No,—was I, though?

She. Yes—you were too sweet for words—with a nice little fat neck, and corals round it!

Herr Grunzenbär. Ven I vas in Vienna I knew him ver well. He vas my most intimate friendt.

Neighbour. You liked him then?

Herr G. (with much decision). Nod-at-all!

The Old Gentleman who has the finest Claret in the Kingdom, to Hostess who thinks they give you the nicest Wine at a Pastry-cook's. . . Well, so I asked him to dinner, and when they brought in the coffee, I looked at him—and I gave you my word, I saw him sipping it with my Lafitte—at the same time, if you please—the same time! Hostess. How dreadful, dear Mr. STOCKERIN! That delicious coffee of yours!

Amateur Democrat to a Miss Hawtayne. So you saw those first West-End riots? And weren't you impressed by the stern rebuke the Unemployed administered to a heartless parade of costly luxuries?

Miss Hawtayne. It did not occur to me to look at it in that light.

A. D. Then may I inquire in what light you did look at it?

Miss H. I thought it was their idea of an afternoon's shopping.

Professor Pinchase, to Lady who has told him quite a new variety of Ghost-story. And he saw his candle reflected in the Appearance's brass-buttons,—did he? That's very interesting. Might I ask—would you feel at liberty to give me your authority for that case?

The Lady. Certainly—you will find it in an old Christmas Annual!

Young Mr. Callowhuff (rusticated from Magdalen, Oxford), to Miss Hypatia Cosin (late of Gorton). No, but they tell me that there are some quite old women at Gorton—now is that so, really, you know?

Miss Hypatia Cosin (handsome and over twenty-nine). In my time, I think, the eldest would be about thirty.

Mr. C. That's what I mean, don't you know! And did they go in for exams., and schools, and triposes, and things?

Miss H. C. Certainly they did!

Mr. C. Plucky old things! [Wonders how he could ever have thought it was hard to get on with a Clever Girl.]

### OLD STAPLES INN.

A BALLAD FOR THE BUILDER.

GOOD shade of JOHNSON, this way bend  
Your steps; for is there any doubt,

Were you but here, you'd straight-way send,  
The builder to the right-about.

Nor let him come with spade and pick,  
To bring the hoary gables down,

And of its ancient land-marks trick  
The all too unsuspecting town.

So, hither turn; for sure 'twere sin,  
To cart away Old Staples Inn.

And yet this deed they contem-  
plate;  
As if, amidst the hue and cry,  
All living men must under-rate

The relics of the years gone by.  
So let them choose another site,

Their storey'd mansion front to rear.  
If time in bricks must trace its

flight,  
Let it not mark its passage here.

So say, not yet shall they begin,  
To cart away old Staples Inn.

### LOR' MAYER'S DAY.

M. MAYER has chosen his time well. The Mayor of London gave his Show on Tuesday, the Ninth, but the MAYER of Paris was before-hand with his Show on Saturday, the Sixth. So for this week, and,

indeed, if the entertainment at Her Majesty's meets with the success such an enterprise deserves, for several weeks to come London will be quite a Mayor's Nest—the Lord Mayor in the East, and Her Majesty's MAYER in the West. Well—"the mair the merrier." Mr. Punch is able to congratulate the MAYER of Paris on the company he has brought over from Paris. As far as the principals were concerned, the representation of *Faust* was nearly all that could be desired. Mme. FIDES DEVAIRES looked and sang charmingly as *Marguerite*. M. VERGNET is about as good a *Faust* as Mr. Punch can remember; a trifle stout for the gay rejuvenated Doctor, but, as the size round the waist was not mentioned in the bond, perhaps *Mephistopheles*, who, on this occasion, is not the slimmest sprite conceivable, took his own measurement as a good "all round" model, and produced a

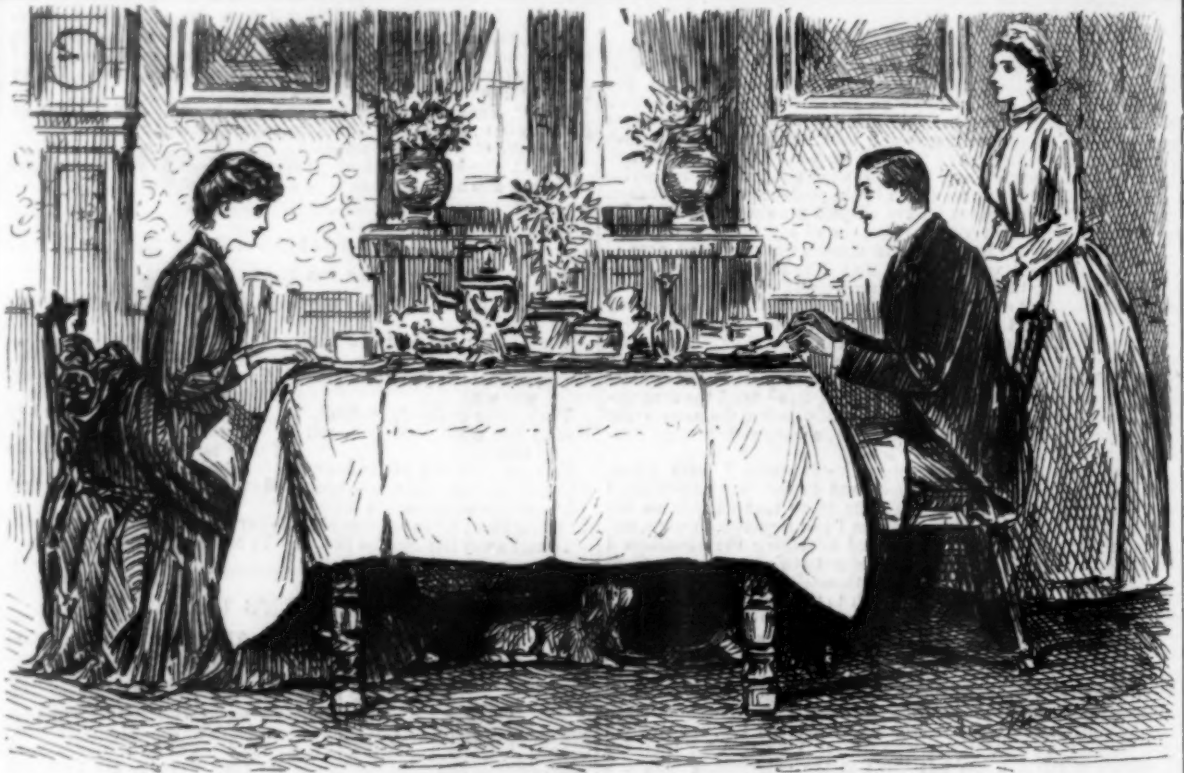
"robust tenor." Only two better *Mephistos* than M. DAUPHIN (it ought to be "Monseigneur," and he played right royally) has Mr. Punch seen, and, of those two, one was FAURE. The choruses were rather weak, but the orchestra excellent. *Les Cloches de Corneville*, the best of all modern comic operas, is announced for Thursday night, and Mr. Punch feels certain that, if the choruses be well drilled by then, the performance, with M. SIMON MAX and Mlle. GIRARD in their original parts, ought to be a real treat. Salut, my Lor' MAYER!



### CELEBRATIONS OF THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.

THE Quarterly Reviewers carried about an effigy of Mr. Gossu, crammed with rubbish and a few fireworks. It had been intended to explode him altogether, but on consultation it was decided not to let him off.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH informed our interviewer that, being carried about all day in a chair, unsteadily, and hearing boys shouting close to his ear was, he found, and speaking for himself alone, far more trying to the nerves, and infinitely more exhausting, than playing in one of the Savoy Operas for any number of nights. Of course to be out in the open air all day was good for his health, but his only exercise consisted of holding on to the sides of the chair. Last Friday, he added, was an exceptionally unpleasant day, but though it rained all the time and was horribly muddy, yet as his feet never once touched the ground, he was enabled to keep them fairly dry.



## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Edwin. "I'VE JUST FOUND A SHOT IN MY BIT OF THE PARTRIDGE!"

Angelina. "HOW ODD! SO HAVE I. POOR THING—THEY'VE HAD TO SHOOT IT TWICE!"

## THE "LEADING TRAGEDIAN."

Ha! ha! At last! All comes indeed to him  
Who will but wait. And I have waited, yes,  
Long waited, waited wearily but well;  
And now my hour has come: I take the stage.  
Where fribbles long have footed it, I stride,  
I front the footlights, I await the hum  
Of welcome, and the thunders of applause!

Ho! ho! Who said that I was crushed,  
effaced,  
Played off the stage by youthful popinjays,  
Like poor *Polonius* *IDLEBRIGHT*? Go to!  
I am of other mettle. True, most true,  
That he, the Garrick of St. Stephen's boards,  
Who sock and buskin wore with equal ease,  
Played the whole round from farce to tragedy,  
Was *Diddler*, *Surface*, *Courtly*, or *Macbeth*,  
All—save himself—'tis true he played me  
down,

And drew me in his train, as minor star,  
Who once had raged as rival and as foe.  
But the great Groundling-tickler is no more.  
Shall I play second fiddle to his ape,—  
His pinchbeck imitator? No, by *Styx*!  
No *Pistol*'s part for me a second time.  
I am in *Ercles*' vein.

What did he say,  
Hughenden's *Roscus*? Great occasions call  
For "words of truth and reason." Year by  
year

November's Ninth and civic splendour cry  
For a great Voice to speak them. Showman  
sneak

Or Cheap Jack patter may at Dartford do  
To dish or to decoy; but great Guildhall  
Cries for grave oracles of swelling sound

From "men of light and leading." And I  
lead.

Lead still—though some may call me heavy.  
Bah!

Feathers for tickling, sceptres for true sway!  
A time has come. O my prophetic soul,  
Did I not know it would? Light insolence  
In motley and cock's feather may appear  
Imperious, all-pervading; Chanticleer,  
With swelling crest and cock-a-doodle shrill,  
May fatuously deem he is the morn  
He only heralds; but, when *Phœbus* comes,  
Aurora knows her master and her king  
Hails from the heavens, and not the stable—  
The sky and not the poultry-yard. [heav]

Where is he now, the Crichton of the crowd?  
He shines alone, and cares not to encounter  
The chances of eclipse. Confound him, yes;  
A doosed artful dodge!—that is, I mean,  
A most astute device. He is astute  
And does bring down the house. Declares  
forsooth

That I agree with him, not he with me,  
As I were in his troupe, not he in mine.  
Well, well, the hour is mine, the stage is lit,  
The curtain's up, the banquet scene is set,  
The house expectant waits the leading Star.  
No more need I dissemble. Off, dusk cloak,  
Disguising wrappage! Silence hang no more  
Upon my palsied tongue! Up eyebrows! Lift  
Long-pendent head! Averted face gaze forth  
Upon the waiting citizens, who list  
For deep-lunged accents, declamation high,  
And speech oracular! The leading rôle  
Is mine once more, once more will I shine  
forth,  
And witch the world with noble leadership!

## "SAINT LUDMILA."

MR. PUNCH, in a brief notice of a lengthy  
Oratorio, observed last week that "the Com-  
poser was certainly in love with his libretto  
when setting it to music: each line is dwelt  
upon, reiterated, and only relinquished with  
regret." This was the effect on hearing it;  
but when the libretto itself was subsequently  
submitted to Mr. Punch by "a Lover of  
Good Music and Common Sense"—"and"  
he might have added, "Common Time"—  
as the length of this work occupied an uncom-  
mon time—who had previously reviewed it in  
the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Punch feels him-  
self bound to give additional emphasis to  
his former remark, and say that the Composer  
must have been so over-head-and-ears in love  
with this libretto, which is quite unworthy  
of his passion, as to have become entirely  
blind to its glaring faults. So that there  
was, as there always is, even in Mr. Punch's  
lightest *obiter dicta*, a far deeper meaning in  
Mr. P.'s original observation than would be  
at once seized by the merely cursory or the  
wilfully obtuse reader.

## New Problem in Social Dynamics.

THE Kyrle Society by Art would gain  
Æsthetic influence o'er the working classes;  
They're trying by the power of a CRANE  
To "elevate the masses."

It is good news for the Nationalists, who  
wish to "ring the knell" of Protestant domi-  
nation, that their SEXTON holds the Bel-fast!





## THE "LEADING TRAGEDIAN."

SCENE—At the Lord Mayor's Banquet, November 9th.

"A TIME HAS COME . . . I KNEW IT WOULD! . . . I NEED NO LONGER DISSEMBLE! . . . HA! HA!"







## THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

H.R.H. "MUCH OBLIGED FOR YOUR HINTS, MR. PUNCH. I'VE ACTED UPON THEM, AND HAVE GOT TOGETHER A PRETTY FAIR REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE, OF WHICH I HOPE YOU APPROVE."

Mr. Punch. "ALL GOOD MEN, AND TRUE, SIR. TO ADAPT THE PHRASEOLOGY OF OUR ESTEEMED FRIEND, MR. J. L. TOOLE, I SHOULD SAY, 'KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR PUNCH, AND YOUR PUNCH WILL FOLLOW YOU THROUGH.' I WISH YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS SUCCESS, AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

## FOR THE SAKE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITH your proverbial kindness you suggested that I should undergo a course of "juvenile amusements," preparatory to the return of the children from school for the Christmas Holidays, which are now within measurable distance. I consequently looked through the list of entertainments, and selected amongst others, the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, where I understood that "The Revels of Kenilworth in the time of the Good Queen Bess," were to be represented on a scale sufficiently grand to include the admission of a Cavalry band with silver kettle-drums, (necessarily) on horseback. When I had taken my place in the reserved seats of the Circus, I found myself in the presence of several young gentlemen in full evening-dress, as worn at Court (tail-coats and knee-breeches), who were giving what is called a "Drawing-room Entertainment." Their gorgeous costume was explained by their programme, which certainly required a saloon only to be found in a Royal palace for its performance.

One of their "drawing-room" feats, was to make a ladder of themselves by standing on one another's shoulders, and then to topple over *en bloc*. What would become of the chandelier during this daring manœuvre, it is difficult to conjecture. However, the entertainment was extremely amusing, and on the whole, more intellectual either than waiting or flirting. Another feature was the clever riding and leaping of Miss BOURNE, a lady of much grace and courage.

This performance was succeeded by several other very pleasing items, including a number of interesting Clowns. I am sorry to say that I did not ascertain the identity of any of these witty gentlemen, although given every chance by the Master of the Ring, who obligingly repeated their names very frequently. Thus, when a Clown had fallen down, the courteous official with the whip would exclaim, "Dear me, SNOOKS! We have had a fall, SNOOKS!" Upon which the Clown would ask some supremely absurd question, which the Ring-Master would repeat somewhat in this fashion—"Can I tell you, SNOOKS, why you are like a mince-pie, SNOOKS, in your present

## PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

## "THE GOLDEN LAND."

YOU'LL hear them tell of *The Golden Land*.  
By FARJEON. The Children, a happy band,  
Will read it with pleasure o'er and o'er,  
"The Golden Land: from shore to shore."  
They'll hunt on the bookshelves and go quite wild,  
If you say, "'Tis not there, 'tis not there! my child!"  
So if you'd be tranquil, take TOMMY and go  
To the publishers named WARD, LOCK & Co.  
And TOMMY will tell how the publishers smiled,  
When you bought it, and cried, "It is there, my child!"

## "THE NINE OF HEARTS."

The *Nine of Hearts* is about as exciting  
As anything FARJEON's lately been writing.  
WARD, to his partner LOCK will say,  
"The *Nine of Hearts* is the trump to play."

## Popular Pornography.

MR. BESLEY cheerfully says that "the people of England are not likely to be corrupted by literature published in a language they do not understand," namely, French. Quite so. Perhaps that is why so much of the most "pornographic" of it is now being literally translated for them in cheap volumes boastfully announced as "the only complete and unexcised editions," and exposed for sale on all our bookstalls. "Un-excised" forsooth! The Excise might do some good here, if it were in its power to interfere, instead of being so hard on our handy, companionable, but slightly piratical, Tauchnitz volumes, as is one of its "customs." The Laureate once spoke of

"Art with poisonous honey stol'n from France."

Stolen? Oh, dear, no! Gaily translated—much of it.

THE SULTAN INTERVIEWED BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN (through the Interpreter).—The SULTAN, Sir, he say, "By the beard of the Prophet, but the Infidel dog of a Christian with three eyes" hath a fair plan for an Egyptian policy. His name, too, is of good omen, for the most successful management in Egypt on record was that of JOSEPH. I have spoken. Where is my fez? On my head be it! Farewell."

\* Probably an allusion to the single eyeglass.—Ed.

recumbent position, SNOOKS? No, indeed, I cannot, SNOOKS." And so on. Some of these admirable *farceurs* had the initials of their names introduced into their motley, but even this did not help me.

After a vast amount of entertainment of most excellent quality had been presented to us, the time came for the arrival of the *cortège* with the Cavalry band. The musicians made their appearance (their horses being led by grooms) and the gayest among the gay, was the player on "the silver kettle-drums." This talented performer seemed to revel in his task, and thumped the parchment with a good humoured smile, that was absolutely exhilarating.

The "revels" were all that they should have been, and their patronage by "good Queen Bess" served as a proof (if one were needed) of the great sagacity of that most renowned of sovereign ladies and stateswomen. There were several "knights" (who apparently had gone to the same costumier for their dresses) who most obligingly assaulted one another, with the utmost fury, with sticks, bladders, and other harmless weapons, for the entertainment of the public. Apart from these gallant gentlemen was an individual in extremely showy armour, who called himself "The Black Knight," but whose performances were scarcely equal to the anticipation raised by the magnificence of his apparel. However, taken as a whole, as I have already said, the entire entertainment was most satisfactory, and I imagine, as a means for conveying in a pleasing form historic truths to the young, might, with a little ingenuity, be easily converted into a highly valuable auxiliary to the School Board.

Besides the Palace of Delights at Battersea, I have been to the glass-house at Sydenham, where I was pleased to renew my acquaintance with Mme. KATTI LAMMER's pupils in a pleasant ballet. From this it must not be thought that I danced myself. On the contrary, I was only (when I was a little regardless of the exact position of neighbouring toes in hurrying to the station) the cause of dancing in others.

Yours respectfully,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

"THE DISPENSING POWER IN KERRY."—The *Times* approves of Dr. BULLER's prescriptions, but objects to his setting up a dispensary.



## INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Fair Widow.* "YES, THAT IS MY HUSBAND—THE BEST, THE KINDEST, THE CLEVEREST OF—"

*Jones.* "AH, YES, MY DEAR MADAM. AS THE DIVINE WORDSWORTH SAYS—

"THE GOOD DIE FIRST;

WHILE THOSE WHOSE HEARTS ARE DRY AS SUMMER DUST  
BURN TO THE SOCKETS!"

## WAR'S ALARMS.

THE following brief authentic account of the French Ambassador's interview with Lord IDDESLEIGH last week, as accepted by the whole of the inspired French Press, will probably be read on this side of the Channel with interest:—

*An Apartment in the Bureau of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, London.*

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (showing to the door M. RUSTEM PASHA, and bowing with effusion of welcomes to the Ambassador of France). And now, my dear M. WADDINGTON, having put a flea into the ear of my excellent Turkish friend, tell me what is there I can do for you? Pray be seated. (Offers to him an arm-chair.) Ha! I divine rightly, do I not? It is some little bagatelle of the Fisheries Question that brings you?*

*M. Waddington (with a coldness of demeanour).* No, Milord, it is not a bagatelle of the Fisheries Question that brings me. Nor any bagatelle, but a matter grave, portentous, and of supreme pressure. In one word, Milord, I have come to speak to you of Egypt.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (turning pale and proceeding with a smile that is forced). Of Egypt? Ha! ha! Oh, the subject is quite shocking, as we say! Ha! ha! and what, my dear Monsieur, have you to speak to me of about Egypt? (With eagerness.) The last coupon was paid in full. Your French Bond-holders received all their interest. Eh? is it not so, my good friend?*

*M. Waddington (Arms and with incision).* It is not Milord, the French Bondholders that you have to satisfy, but France. Listen, Milord, France is aggrieved. She is wounded in her honour, and can no longer endure a position odious and insupportable. She does

## A NEW TRADE DIRECTORY.

ONE day last week that excellent evening journal, the *St. James's Gazette*, contained a most interesting account of the family and pedigree of the new Lord Mayor, who, as everybody knows, is the Hon. Colonel of the Royal London Militia (old style), a Master of Arts of Cambridge, an old Rugbeian, and most respectable tradesman somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Tower. Nowadays, when Socialism is abroad, and Republicanism rampant, it is most desirable that the traditions of the past should be preserved. Under these circumstances—following in the wake of our anti-radical Contemporary—we are about to compile a *Dream of the Counter*, which will serve as a companion volume to that admirable compilation, *The Romance of the Peerage*. The following is a sample of the scope of the proposed work:—

**CROSSWELL AND BLACK.** Descended from two gallant Crusaders, who flourished in the time of EDWARD THE FIRST. On account of their many deeds of valour, they jointly adopted the Motto of "Pickles."

**MARRE AND DATIN.** Also descended from the followers of PETER the Hermit. They invariably wore polished armour, of a sable hue, and were known for the interest they took in extending their sway over the blacks.

**EAD AND SWANDER.** The ancestor of the first of these families no doubt was called HEAD, and the prefixed aspirate has been lost in the mist of centuries spent in the atmosphere of British industry. The SWANDERS are descended from the ancient Romans, to whom, at a critical moment, were intrusted the defence of the Capitol. The representatives of EAD AND SWANDER attended WILLIAM THE FIRST on the occasion of his late Majesty's visit to England in 1066. The yard shaft—the emblem of these families—is a reminiscence of the arrows used at the Battle of Hastings.

**SOORE AND MAYOURY.** The ancestors of these two families were renowned for their opposition to the acts of the Borgias. From this it will be seen that they were of foreign extraction, belonging, indeed, to a noble Italian race. They came over to England on the fall of the Venetian Republic, and the career of their descendants necessitating the mixture of much bitter with a little sweet, the family motto was gradually assumed, until it became firmly established. It is unnecessary to say that the well-known device is *Pil admirari*.

That the projected volume may be as complete as possible, contributions are earnestly requested. Letters should be addressed, *To the Editor, Puzzle Department, 85, Fleet Street.*

NO ORIGINALITY!—It is noteworthy that the only London bookseller who deals in English dramatic literature is FRENCH.

not wish to intervene herself. She has other work for her heroic troops, and conceives another destiny for her glorious flag. But she can no longer tolerate the presence there of another Power. She feels it as a humiliation to her pride, an insult to her sovereignty. Milord, France has made up her mind, and calm and confident in the justice of her demand, insists on one thing—the Evacuation.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (trembling, and holding, with effort, to the back of a sofa). The Evacuation! Ah! you surely do not understand, my good friend. She could not press for that. It is by the will of United Europe that England disposes of herself as an intermediary.*

*M. Waddington.* And the will of United Europe, Milord, what is it but the will of France? Make attention. Russia, she occupies herself with Bulgaria, and Austria she mixes up herself also in that affair. Italy is of no import; while M. de BISMARCK has given to us the friendly nod. There is no escape. France insists.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh.* But she will surely wait the report of my friend, Sir WOLFF? He is instituting an investigation that will be to our deliberations an assistance at once useful and efficacious.

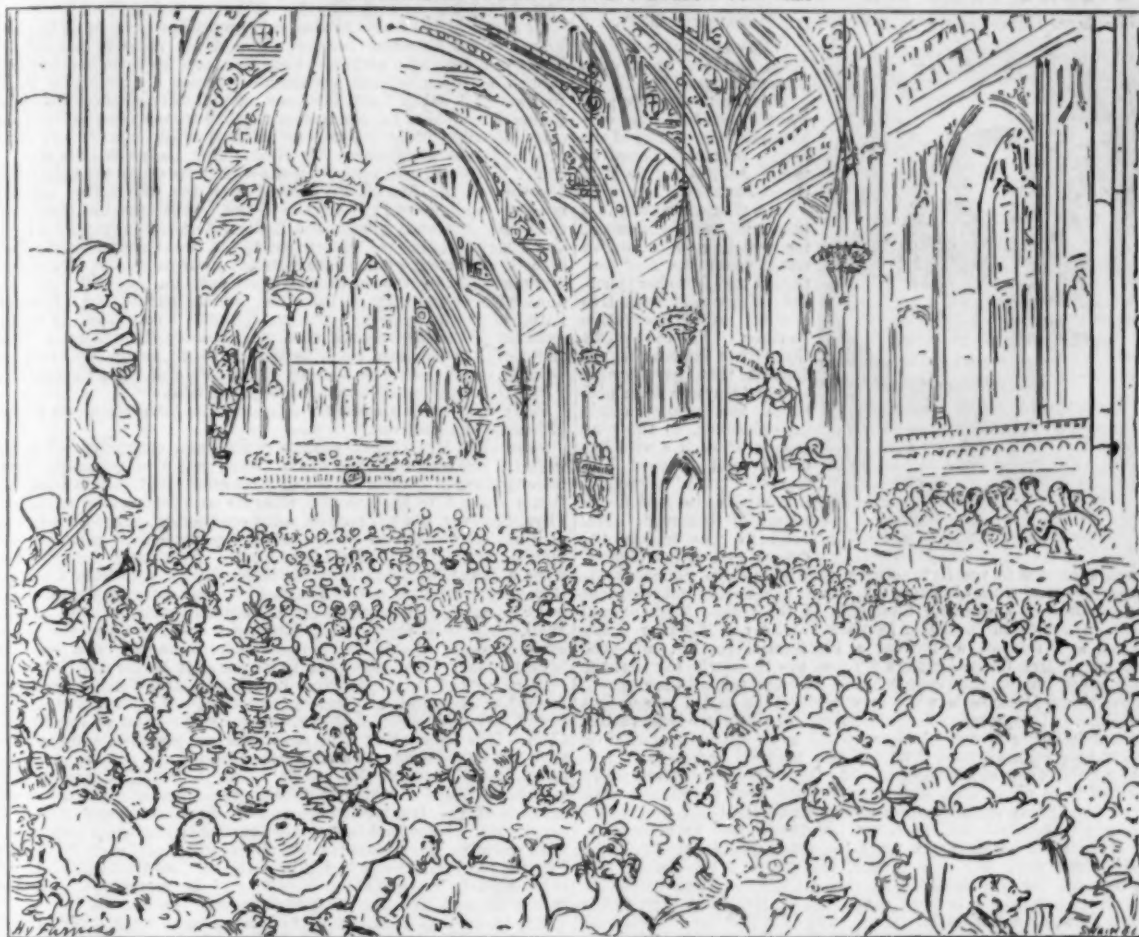
*M. Waddington.* France will wait for nothing. It is essential to her dignity that she should receive a reply explicit and categorical. What, Milord, is your answer?

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (rallying himself with a great effort). You forget, Monsieur, that you are addressing yourself to a Representative of a Power that possesses a Navy—*

*M. Waddington.* Which would be useless to combat the torpedo-fleet of France that would be let loose, like a nest of hornets, against your vessels of commerce and Passenger Steamboat Companies. With their cargoes and freights of saloon occupants, they would be swiftly sent to the bottom of the sea in all directions, and the flag of France would float triumphant alike over their protests and their struggles.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 42.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, GUILDHALL.

(Rapid reproduction by Our Special Artist, exhibiting most of the Principal Features, and many novel effects.)

Believe me, Milord, all has been foreseen. A great Power does not embark in hazardous enterprises without safeguarding her interests, and it is thus maritime France defies your ironclads.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (growing white with terror).* It is too horrible! It is an act monstrous, and inhuman!

*M. Waddington (with irony).* Pardon, Milord, it is a precaution. But I am waiting your answer.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (mastering a profound emotion).* It is with such surprise that I receive this intelligence, that I must beg you accord me some interval for reflection. You will permit that I consult my colleagues before replying to a question at once so delicate and astounding.

*M. Waddington (with a grave dignity).* I regret that the instructions I have received by the electric wire do not admit of my being able to contemplate any postponement. I must press you, Milord, for your reply on the instant.

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (with the tears rising in his eyes).* But may I not have ten little minutes of consultation with my Chief—say, my good friend, I may have ten little minutes?

*M. Waddington.* Impossible! The dignity and honour of France, too long outraged by delays, demand the reply instantaneous. Speak, Milord. It is a question of peace or war. Say, will the perfidious Albion evacuate?

*Le Lord Iddeleigh (overcome with grief).* Ah, my good Monsieur, you little know what the giving of this answer costs me! (With a supreme effort of control). Be it so then. It will! (Sinks backward into a basket of waste paper, with a sudden attack of the vertigo as the incident terminates.)

GIVING THE CITY ITS DUES.

High upon Highgate,  
Clean out of their way,  
The old Corporation  
Rode forth on a day.  
And why did they wend there?  
To give, as they should,  
To the public for ever  
The Gravel Pit Wood.  
Out ran the Local Board  
From Hornsey Rise,  
And praised Lord Mayor STAPLES  
Up to the skies.

They dined him; then hinted,  
"If you can be so good,  
We'd like, in addition,  
The Churchyard Dale Wood!"

The Mayor gave a smile,  
And the Sheriffs a sigh,  
And the old Corporation  
A wink that was sly.  
"Then give us the grain dues,"  
They said, "to collect, [don  
And each green space round Lon-  
We'll duly protect!"

SAYS the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The settlement of Zululand which Mr. STANHOPE announced to a deputation, is not so good as was in certain quarters hoped." Quite so. In fact, the tales of Hope and the tale of STANHOPE are quite different stories by quite different authors.

Wrong Instrument.

THE *P.M.G.*, reading great HARCOURT's riddle,  
Has dubbed him the political "second fiddle";  
But in its caustic sketch of him men trace  
Far greater likeness to a "double bass."

## STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

## II.—MRS. GORE-JENKINS. A SUBURBAN "POLITICAL LADY."



"The mind of a modern Muse and the mien of a Roman matron!"

This was the tribute paid by the ambitiously epigrammatic Secretary of the South Brixwood Constitutional Association to Mrs. GORE-JENKINS.

Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is a power in South Brixwood, for which new suburban constituency her husband, thanks mainly to her splendid energy and seductive charm, is Conservative Member. As the prefix GORE has somewhat redeemed that gentleman's own patronymic from plebeian and almost comic insignificance, so the possession of such a wife has raised and rescued him from the "ruck" of opulent nonentities to which he naturally belonged. Mr. JENKINS was merely the dapper and rather charac-

terless successor to the fortune of a very prosperous Sauce-manufacturer. Mr. GORE-JENKINS is "our admirable and eloquent representative," a slashing Champion of the Great Constitutional Cause, an adroit combination of Imperial Patriot, and Working-Man's Friend, a President, a Patron, a Platform Perorator, and—the husband of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS. There are those who say that the latter happy qualification comprehends, as it created, all the rest.

Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is what may perhaps be called a spacious personage. Her presence looms large and her influence is pervasive. Her stately figure seems somehow to fill more space than even its opulent proportions entitle it to, and as a political and social "permeator," she is scarcely to be surpassed. On the polling-day she really appeared to be ubiquitous, and wherever she went she carried with her an atmosphere of satisfaction and success. Mr. GORE-JENKINS is trim and rather tall, but he is not impressive, and he is nervous. His style is, or at least was, tentative, some would say timid, his speech thin, dry, and uninspiring, his gestures are finical and fidgety, and the way in which he rather titters than twirls his neat flaxen moustache, is more suggestive of Mr. Toots than of the Grand Turk, of a deferential dandy, than of a dashing *D'Artagnan* or even a conquering *CHURCHILL*. But the style of his lady is large and suavely confident. When she stands she is statuesque, when she moves she sweeps and flows. If it is not quite correct to say that she *towed* her husband into political port, it is because she is so much too graceful and too noiseless to be even metaphorically regarded as a tug.

The public is not of course admitted to the penetralia of the GORE-JENKINS ménage. But it is assumed with much confidence, in South Brixwood, that Mrs. GORE-JENKINS has been the inspirer of her husband's political ambition, as she has been the herald of its hope, and the assurer of its success. "She egged him on, and she pulled him through," said Mr. LUPUS, his enthusiastic and astute amateur Election Agent. The members of the local Constitutional Association officially respect their President, but they personally adore their President's wife. They are ready to move and carry any number of jubilant, and rather redundantly worded, "Votes of Thanks," to Mr. GORE-JENKINS. That is party business of the usual conventional complexion. A world without "Votes of Thanks," is simply inconceivable to your local politician. But to bow before Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is a delight, to timidly touch her neatly gloved hand is a tremulous joy, to be smiled on by her at a *soirée*, or garden-party, is an ecstasy, and to shout for her is a rapture. "She is so affable," cry the men, "she is so nice," exclaim the women. When she complimented young TOMKINS, the Association's "RANDOLPH," on his slashing speech in favour of Fair Trade, looking level into his eyes yet gleaming with oratorical excitement, and touching with her finger-tips his shoulder, almost sore with exuberant "action," he, the fluent defender of Constitutionalism, the confident dogmatist on history and economics, the daring denouncer of Hawarden and all its works, he, even he, actually flushed and faltered, and "couldn't find words to express" his proud emotion. It was a splendid chance for another sounding little speechlet, or another neat little "sentiment," and he actually missed it. But she saw it all, and so put him

at his ease in the course of five minutes' flattery, that he "brought off" something creditable after all, and went home almost as contented with her, as with himself. Which is saying much.

Of course Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is the presiding divinity of the local branch of the Primrose League. Was it not she who induced the lovely and flamingly patriotic Lady CELADON to honour a Southern suburb with her radiant aristocratic presence? "Where is South Brixwood?" asked Lady CELADON, not of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS of course, but of Lord C., her husband. The transpontine parts of our ever-spreading Babylon, are as pathless wilds and remote social jungles to the dwellers in the West. But Lady CELADON went to South Brixwood, and actually made a little speech to the palpitating devotees of the Sacred Primrose. How the discomfited Liberals mocked—and envied! "ANTI-HUMBUG," (a Brutus-like Member of the South Brixwood Liberal and Radical Association) penned a letter *à la JUNIUS* (at least he thought so) to the *South Brixwood Sentinel*, fiercely denouncing "the aristocratic jockeying, the fraudulent feminine *finesse*, the autocratic terrorism on one side, and the funkish sycophancy on the other, which marked the 'Primrose Path,' to political power." "ANTI-HUMBUG" concluded by urging upon his fellow Liberals the absolute necessity of devising a "set-off" to the Primroses by bringing legitimate female influence and genuine social power to bear on their own side. He thought that "The Daisy Brigade" would not be a bad title.

Party differences apparently often resolve themselves into a mere difference of adjectives.

Meanwhile Mrs. GORE-JENKINS smiled, and conquered while she smiled. She conquered the smart young sons of shopkeepers—there were thousands of them in South Brixwood—by feminine blandishments adapted to their mental measure and their social yearnings. They, however, did not require much conquering, being already predisposed to whatsoever things were "respectable," patriotic, and didn't smell of Shop, don't you know. How much better a bow from a beautiful dame in a carriage, than a nod from a grubby Radical printer "on our Committee!" She conquered numbers of working-men, and particularly of working-men's wives. How? Well, that is a point much disputed. Some say she stooped to conquer these, stooped very much indeed, stooped in a way that honesty could not approve, nor Law—could it be invoked—condone. "Blarney and Blankets, Sir, Taradiddles and Tickets for Soup, Lady-like Lies, and Respectable Boycotting! That's how it's done, Sir!" So said Mr. STOCKFISH, the caustic Stentor of the Radical Club. It is certain that little extra creature comforts, and the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE was a madman, a traitor and an atheist, spread considerably amongst the poorer voters in South Brixwood. But whether this had anything to do with the friendly calls and earnest counsels of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS and her Primrose Dames, who shall say, or rather—for that is the only practically important point—who shall prove? Mr. STOCKFISH did not succeed, and even an Election Petition has been known to fail in doing so. As DISRAELI said, "It is pleasant to be 'made much of'—even by scoundrels." And of course Mr. and Mrs. GORE-JENKINS are not "scoundrels."

Are there then none found to "say things" against Mrs. GORE-JENKINS? Why, even a political Diana shall not escape calumny. As, in the interests of her husband, she can be kind and most condescending, so, in the same interest, it is said that she can be unscrupulous and even cruel. Can one expect what Rhadamantian male politicians call "Corruption and Intimidation," to look quite so black and blameworthy in the eyes of a woman and a wife? The feminine "point of honour" is so different from ours! The introduction of ladies into political life may bring many boons and blessings to men; but will they be in the direction of a more rigorous interpretation of the "Corrupt Practices Act"? The Diary of a Primrose Dame, conscientiously written, might throw light on that point. Mrs. GORE-JENKINS probably keeps no such Diary. Most certainly she will not publish it. The wives of Radical workmen who are not "bribed with blankets," will talk, will denounce the—real or imaginary—tempter, will laud themselves for rising superior to the—actual or fancied—temptation. Shopkeepers who will not promise to "vote the right way," and subsequently, if not consequently, lose half their best customers, will complain. And as people love not to complain, as the Scotchman swore, "at large," they will probably, in their anger, associate their injuries with somebody or other. But is Mrs. GORE-JENKINS to be held responsible for the chilblains of misguided labour's children, or the sorrows of half-ruined and revolutionary grocers and butchers? You had better not tell Mr. LUPUS so, or suggest such an absurdity to Orator TOMKINS. Is it likely that a lady so charming, so condescending, so benevolent, and so truly British, would dream of Boycotting a poor deluded wretch of a Radical shopmaker, even for the shameful, nay, almost seditious, sin of—not voting for her husband?

Studying the traits, here lightly outlined, of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS, Mr. Punch, as he turns his canvas towards the public, feels profoundly impressed with the manifold advantages which must accrue to society and the State from the presence and activity of "Political Ladies."

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